I was recommending one of Miss Burney's novels to Madame Lemoine.

** Vos romans Anglais sont si tristes," said she,

"Pas toujours, madame."

"A vous dire vrai, je n'en ai lu qu'un, et il m'a paru d'une tristesse inconcevable,"

" Et son titre ? "

"II s'appelle les Nuits d'Young!"

It is the fashion now at Paris for ladies to be, or pretend to be, learned—at least *au fait* of history—which has certainly not been part of their education. The remarks one hears coming from them are sometimes very diverting. Someone was talking of St. Louis and Louis XVI. as being the best kings France could boast of, except Henry IV.

"Pour moi," said Madame d'Osmond, "de tous les rois de France, je vous declare que c'est Louis V. qui est mon favori."

The only thing recorded of this monarch is his having obtained the surname of *Le Faineant.*

The other night, at the Th6S.tre Frangais, the part of Mithridate was acted by Granger, who squints and is very ugly. When Monime said to him, " Seigneur, vous changes de visage," a man in the *parterre* called out, ** Eh I tant mieux 1

laissez le faire."